

POPULAR

# Songs and Choruses

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LODGE OR  
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The Nordheimer

Piano and Music Co., Limited,

15 KING ST. EAST.

Toronto.

# Nordheimer Piano

*The Representative Piano of Canada*



## A Word About Prices.

WHILE we cannot pretend to compete with the prices at which the cheap commercial pianos are sold, yet as manufacturers having the facilities of purchasing in large quantities for cash we are enabled to offer our pianos at the very lowest prices commensurate with their high qualities.

We are also in a position to extend terms to those customers desiring to purchase on the installment plan.

It is very poor economy to purchase pianos that from their price are seemingly cheap, and in a short time surely become worthless.

The policy to which we have conscientiously adhered has been never to sacrifice quality of material and workmanship to cheapness of price.

*The Nordheimer Piano & Music Co.*  
15 King St., East, Toronto. *Limited*

# NEVER ALONE.

SACRED SONG AND CHORUS.

Words Anonymous

(5th verse by Rev. J. F. JERNIGAN)

Arranged by W. A. KEMPHILL.

Moderato con espress.

1. I've  
2. The

seen the light-ning flash - ing And heard the thun - der roll — I've  
world's fierce winds are blow - ing Temp - ta - tions sharp and keen — I

felt sin's break-ers dash - ing — Try-ing to con-quer my soul — I've  
feel a peace in know - ing — My Sa - viour stands be - tween — He

A & S. N. 228-3

Entered according to Act of the Parliament of Canada, in the year 1886, by A & S. Nordheimer, at the Department of Agriculture, Ottawa.

## Nordheimer Piano

"The Piano that has given  
Canada a reputation."

heard the voice of my Sa - vior — Tell - ing me still to fight on, — He  
stands to shield me from dan - ger — When earth - ly friends are gone, —

*ad lib.*

pro - mised nev - er to leave me — Never to leave me a - lone. —

3.  
When in affliction's valley  
I'm treading the road of care,  
My Savior helps me to carry  
My cross when heavy to bear,  
My feet entangled with brars  
Ready to cast me down  
My Savior whispers His promise:  
"I never will leave thee alone!"  
*Chorus.*

4.  
He died for me on the mountn  
For me they pierced His side  
For me He opened that fountain  
The cruse, cleansing tide  
For me He's waiting in glory,  
Seated upon His throne,  
He promised never to leave me  
Never to leave me alone.  
*Chorus.*

5.  
He's given me the promise  
That He will come again,  
And when He's reigning in glory,  
I'll go there through His name;  
And when in that land of beauty  
I find a "home, sweet home;"  
He promised to receive me;  
Then never will leave alone.  
*Chorus.*

A. & S. N. 225-3.

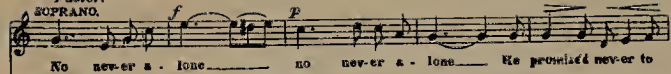
# Nordheimer Piano

"Satisfies the most  
critical."

## CHORUS.

*Faster.*

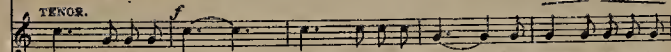
SOPRANO.



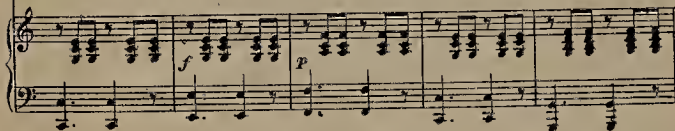
ALTO.



TENOR.

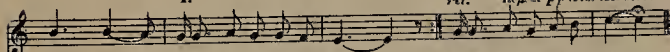


BASS.

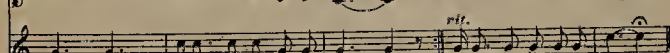
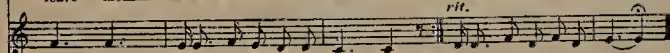


1.

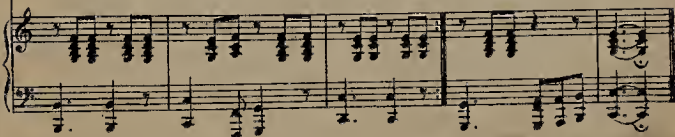
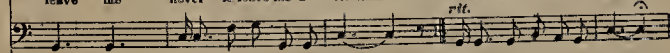
rit.

Repeat *pp* with last verse.

leave me never to leave me a - lone never to leave me a - lone.



leave me never to leave me a - lone never to leave me a - lone.



Nordheimer Pianos

"Are productions of the  
highest grade."



## SOLDIER'S FAREWELL

KINKEL.

*Andante. J=66.*  
*p 1st & 2nd Tenor.*  
 1 How can I bear to leave thee, One part - ing kiss I give thee And  
 2. Na'er more may I be - hold thee, Or to this heart en - fold thee; With  
 3. I think of thee with long - ing. Think thou, when tears are throu - gh - ing. What

*p 1st & 2nd Bass.*

*crescendo e poco accel.*  
 then what e'er be - falls me, I go where hon - or calls me. Fare -  
 spear and pen - non glo - ry - ing. I see the foe ad - vanc - ing, Fare -  
 with my last faint sigh - ing. Till whis - per soft while dy - ing, Fate -

*tranguillo e molto repress.*  
 well, fare - well, my own true love. Fare - well, fare - well, my own true love.

*f* *p* *pp*

A CHILD ON A GIANT'S SHOULDERS  
 SEES FURTHER THAN THE GIANT.

The first Piano Player made proved merely that it was possible to produce a mechanism that would play the piano.

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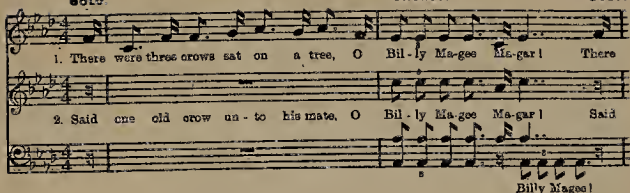
# THE THREE CROWS.

7

Solo.

CHORUS.

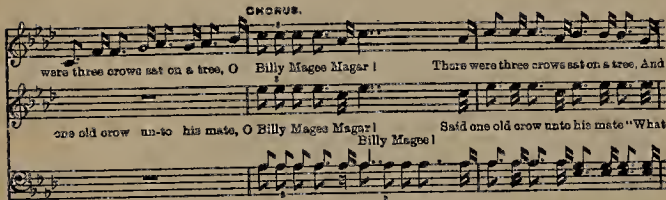
Solo.



1. There were three crows sat on a tree, O Bil-ly Magee Magar! There

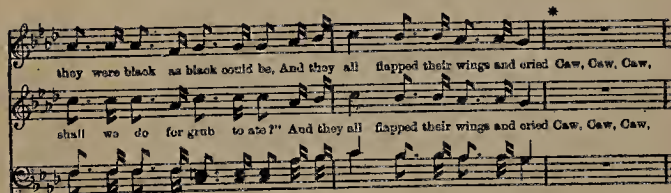
2. Said one old crow un-to his mate, O Bil-ly Magee Magar! Said Billy Magee!

CHORUS.



were three crows sat on a tree, O Billy Magee Magar! There were three crows sat on a tree, And

one old crow un-to his mate, O Billy Magee Magar! Said one old crow unto his mate "What Billy Magee!"



they were black as black could be, And they all flapped their wings and cried Caw, Caw, Caw,

shall we do for grub to ate?" And they all flapped their wings and cried Caw, Caw, Caw,

Billy Magee Magar! And they all flapped their wings and cried Billy Magee Magar!

Billy Magee Magar! And they all flapped their wings and cried Billy Magee Magar!

3. "There lies a horse on yonder plain," (bis.)

Chorus.—O Billy Magee Magar!  
"There lies a horse on yonder plain,  
Who's hy some cruel butcher slain."—Chorus

4. "We'll perch ourselves on his backbone," (bis.)  
Chorus.—O Billy Magee Magar!

"We'll perch ourselves on his backbone,  
"And pluck his eyes out one by one."—Chorus.

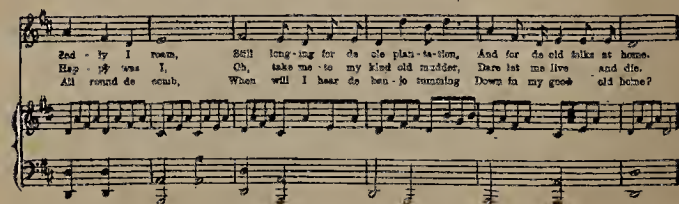
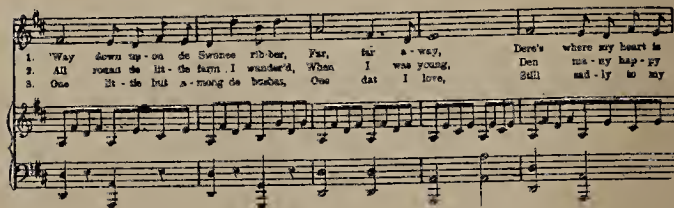
5. "The meat we'll eat before it's stale," (bis.)

Chorus.—O Billy Magee Magar!  
"The meat we'll eat before it's stale,  
"Till nought remains but bones and tail."—Chorus.

\* Imitate Crows.

# THE OLD FOLKS AT HOME.

W. HARRINGTON



## Nordheimer Piano

"The Representative Piano  
of Canada"



CHORUS (Sing first line as solo and repeat as chorus, ad lib.)

All de world am sad and drea-ry, Eb'-ry-where I roam.

All de world am sad and drea-ry, Eb'-ry-where I roam.

All de world am sad and drea-ry, Eb'-ry-where I roam.

All de world am sad and drea-ry, Eb'-ry-where I roam.

Oh, dark-les how my heart grows wea-ry, Far from de old folks at home.

Oh, dark-les how my heart grows wea-ry, Far from de old folks at home.

Oh, dark-les how my heart grows wea-ry, Far from de old folks at home.

Oh, dark-les how my heart grows wea-ry, Far from de old folks at home.

The Old Folks at Home

# Nordheimer Piano

"The Artistic standard of  
Canada."

## FORSAKEN - AM 1.

KOSCHAT.

1st & 2nd TENOR.  
pp. Slow.

1. For-sak-en, for-sak-en, For-sak-en am I! Like a stone by the road-side. All  
 2. A mound's in that churchyard. Fair buds o'er it break, And there sleep my dar-ling, And

Airs

1st &amp; 2nd BASS

men pass me by: I go to a graveyard, No hope my heart cheers, There sad-ly I  
 will not a - wake; Each day do I stay there, To weep by the stone, And bit-ter-ly

kneel me, And shed bit-ter tears, There sad-ly I kneel me, And shed bit-ter tears  
 feel there That on earth I'm a - lone, And bit-ter-ly feel there That on earth I'm a - lone.

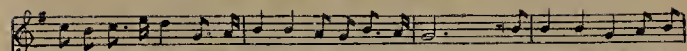
## MY OLD KENTUCKY HOME, GOOD-NIGHT.

Words and Music by STEPHEN O. FOSTER.

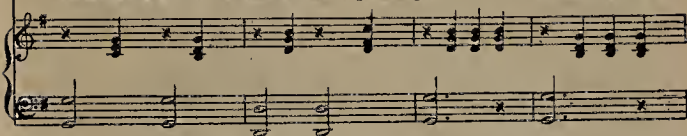
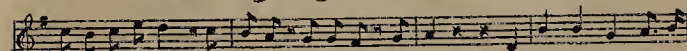
Poco adagio

1. The sun shines bright in the  
 2. They hunt no more for the  
 3. The head must bow and the

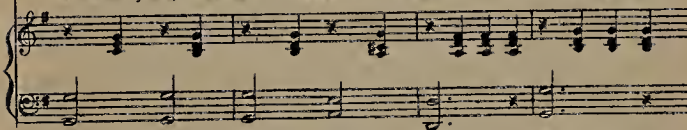
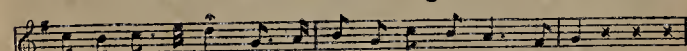
old Kentucky home, 'Tis summer  
 'pos-sum and the 'coon, On the meadow  
 back will have to bend, Where ev-er  
 the dark-les are gay, the dark-ey may go;  
 the hill, and the shore,  
 The corn-top's ripe, and the  
 They sing no more by the  
 A few more days and the



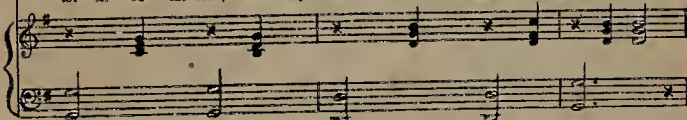
meadow's in the bloom, While the birds make mu-sic all the day; The young folks roll on the  
glimmer of the moon, On the bench by the old cab in door; The day goes by like a  
trouble will all end In the field where the an-gar-came grow; A few more days for to


lit the cab-in door, All mer-ry, all hap-py and bright, By'n-by Hard Times comes a -  
shadow o'er the heart, With sor-row where all was de-light; The time has come when the  
tote the wea-ry load, No mat-ter, 'twill nev-er be light; A few more days till we


knocking at the door, Then my old Ken-tuck-y Home, good-night!  
dark-ies have to part, Then my old Ken-tuck-y Home, good-night!  
tot-ter ou the road, Then my old Ken-tuck-y Home, good-night!



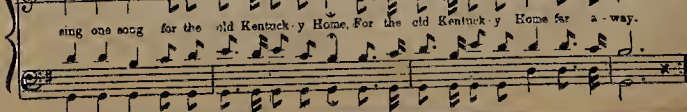
## Chorus.



'Weep no more, my la-dy. Oh! weep no more to-day! We will



sing one song for the old Kentuck-y Home, For the old Kentuck-y Home far a-way.



## JOHNNY SCHMOKER.

in the song, an old German musician tells his friend, Johnny Schmoker, about the instruments upon which he can play, and describes them by motions while he sings. The motions are made only when the words describing the instruments are sung, as, for example, at "Rub, a dub, a dub," the roll of the drum is imitated, beginning—as in the instruments are sung, as, for example, at "Pilly, willy, wink," the hands are placed as if playing the fife, and only the fingers move; at "Tie, knock, knock," the right hand strikes three times under the left, as if playing the triangle; at "Bom, bom, bom," the hand is moved forward and back, as if playing the trombone; and so on to the last, which is imitated by creaking both arms and striking with them against the sides, as if playing the bagpipe.

Allegretto.

G. F. ROOT.

1. John - ny Schmo-ker, John - ny Schmo-ker, Ich kann spiel - en, ich kann  
 2. John - ny Schmo-ker John - ny Schmo-ker Ich kann spiel - en, ich kann

spiel - en, Ich kann spiel mein klei - ne Drummel. Rub a dub a dub, das ist mein  
 spiel - en, Ich kann spiel mein klei - ne

Drummel. Fi - fa. Pilly willy wink, das ist mein Fi - fa. Rub a dub a dub, das ist mein

Drummel Mein Rub a dub a dub, mein Pilly willy wink, Das ist mein Fi - fa.

3. Johnny Schmoker, Johnny Schmoker,  
 Ich kann spielen, ich kann spielen.  
 Ich kann spiel mein klein Triangle.  
 Tie knock knock, das ist Triangle.  
 Pilly willy wink, das ist mein Fife,  
 Rub a dub a dub, das ist mein Drummel.

Mein Rub a dub a dub, mein Pilly willy wink.  
 Mein Tie knock knock, das ist Triangle.

4. Johnny Schmoker, Johnny Schmoker,  
 Ich kann spielen, ich kann spielen,  
 Ich kann spiel mein kleine Trombone.

Bom bom bom, das ist mein Trombone,  
 Tie knock knock, das ist Triangle,  
 Pilly willy wink, das ist mein Fife,  
 Rub a dub a dub, das ist mein Drummel.  
 Mein Rub a dub a dub, mein Pilly willy wink,  
 Mein Tie knock knock, mein Bom bom bom,  
 Das ist mein Trombone.

5. Johnny Schmoeker, Johnny Schmoeker,  
 Ich kann spielen, ich kann spielen,  
 Ich kann spiel mein kleine Cymbal,  
 Zoom soom zoom, das ist mein Trombone,  
 Tie knock knock, das ist Triangle,  
 Pilly willy wink, das ist mein Fife,  
 Rub a dub a dub, das ist mein Drummel.  
 Mein Rub a dub a dub, mein Pilly willy wink,  
 Mein Tie knock knock, mein Bom bom bom,  
 Mein Zoom soom zoom, das ist mein Cymbal.

6. Johnny Schmoeker, Johnny Schmoeker,  
 Ich kann spielen, ich kann spielen,  
 Ich kann spiel mein kleine Viol.  
 Fal la la la, das ist mein Viol,  
 Zoom soom zoom, das ist mein Cymbal,

Bom bom bom, das ist mein Trombone,  
 Tie knock knock, das ist Triangle,  
 Pilly willy wink, das ist mein Fife,  
 Rub a dub a dub, das ist mein Drummel.  
 Mein Rub a dub a dub, mein Pilly willy wink,  
 Mein Tie knock knock, mein Bom bom bom,  
 Mein Zoom soom zoom, mein Fal la la la,  
 Das ist mein Viol.

7. Johnny Schmoeker, Johnny Schmoeker,  
 Ich kann spielen, ich kann spielen,  
 Ich kann spiel mein kleine Toodle-Sack.  
 Whack whack whack, das ist mein Toodle-Sack,  
 Fel la la la, das ist mein Viol,  
 Zoom soom zoom, das ist mein Cymbal,  
 Bom bom bom, das ist mein Trombone,  
 Tie knock knock, das ist Triangle,  
 Pilly willy wink, das ist mein Fife,  
 Rub a dub a dub, das ist mein Drummel.  
 Mein Rub a dub a dub, mein Pilly willy wink,  
 Mein Tie knock knock, mein Bom bom bom,  
 Mein Zoom soom zoom, mein Fal la la la,  
 Mein Whack whack whack,  
 Das ist mein Toodle-Sack.

\$200  
 TO  
 \$1200



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Inspection solicited.

**The Nordheimer Piano & Music Co., Limited**  
 15 KING STREET EAST, TORONTO



Andante.

1. Faintly as tolls the evening chime, Our voices keep tune and our oars keep time,.... Our  
 2. Why should ways our sail un-furl? There is not a breath the blue waves to curl,.... There  
 3. Ot-ta-wa tide! this trembling moon Shall see us float o-ver thy sur-ges soon,.... Shall

we - see keep tune and our oars keep time. Soon as the woods on shore look dim, We'll  
 is not a breath the blue waves to curl, But when the wind blows off the shore, Oh,  
 see us float o-ver thy sur-ges soon. Saint of this green tale, hear our prayer,

oree - - - cen - - do. dim. *f*  
 sing at St Ann's our part-ing hymn. Row, brothers, row, the stream runs fast, The  
 sweet-ly we'll rest our wea-ry oar. Blow, breezes, blow, the stream runs fast, The  
 Grant us cool heav'ns and fav'-ring air. Blow, breezes, blow, the stream runs fast, The

*f* *dim.* *f* *dim.*  
 rapids are near and the day-light's past, The rapids are near and the day-light's past.

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45

Flute effects, Violin effects, etc., are brought into play, combined with the Piano, making a veritable Orchestra. No other Piano Player like it, or will do what the ANGELUS can.

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 others of note.

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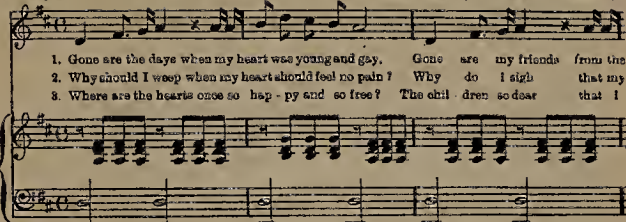
# OLD BLACK JOE.

15

*Foco adagio.*

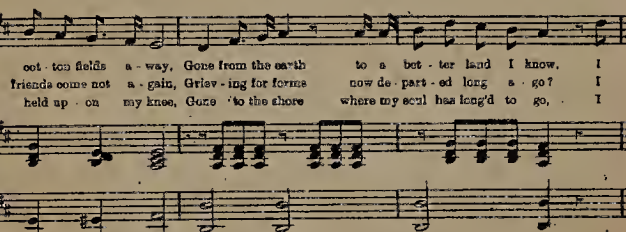
Words and Music by STEPHEN C. FOSTER.

VOICE.

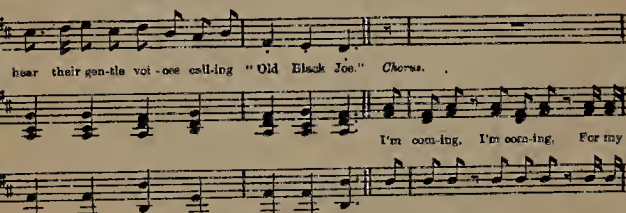


1. Gone are the days when my heart was young and gay. Gone are my friends from the  
 2. Why should I weep when my heart should feel no pain? Why do I sigh that my  
 3. Where are the hearts once so hap-py and so free? The chil-dren so dear that I

PIANO.

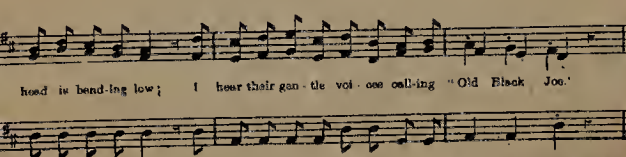


oot-ton fields a-way, Gone from the earth to a bet-ter land I know, I  
 friends come not a-gain, Grief-ing for forms now de-part-ed long a-go? I  
 held up-on my knee, Gone 'to the shore where my soul has long'd to go, I



hear their gen-tle voi-ces call-ing "Old Black Joe." Chorus.

I'm com-ing, I'm com-ing, For my



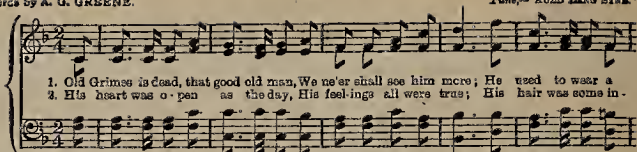
head is bend-ing low; I hear their gen-tle voi-ces call-ing "Old Black Joe."

## Nordheimer Piano

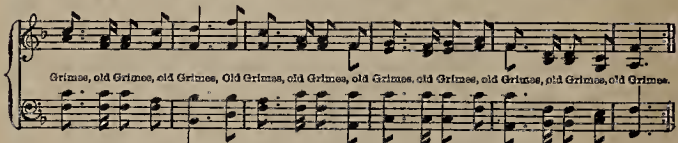
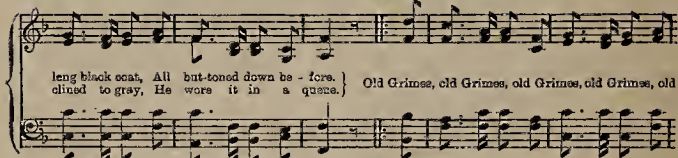
"The Artistic standard of  
Canada."

Words by A. G. GREENE.

Tune,—"AULD LANG SYNE."



## CHORUS.



- |                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                  |                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                   |
|--------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| <p>3. Whens'er he heard the voice of pain,<br/>His breast with pity burned;<br/>The large round head upon his ears,<br/>From ivory was turned.</p> <p>4. Kind words he ever had for all,<br/>He knew no base design;<br/>His eyes were dark and rather small,<br/>His nose was aquiline.</p> <p>5. He lived at peace with all mankind,<br/>In friendship he was true;<br/>His coat had pocket-holes behind,<br/>His pantaloons were blue.</p> <p>6. Unharmed, the sin which earth pollutes,<br/>He passed securely o'er,<br/>And never wore a pair of boots, -<br/>For thirty years or more.</p> | <p>7. But good old Grimes is now at rest,<br/>Nor fears misfortune's frown,<br/>He wore a double-breasted vest, -<br/>The stripes ran up and down.</p> <p>8. He modest merit sought to find,<br/>And gave it its desert,<br/>He had no malice in his mind,<br/>No ruffles on his shirt.</p> <p>9. His neighbors he did not abuse,<br/>Was sociable and gay,<br/>He wore nor lefts nor rights for shoes,<br/>And changed them every day.</p> <p>10. Thus, undisturbed by anxious cares,<br/>His peaceful roommate ran,<br/>And everybody said he was<br/>A fine old gentleman.</p> |
|--------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|

## AULD LANG SYNE

Should auld acquaintance be forgot?  
And never brought to mind?  
Should auld acquaintance be forgot,  
And days lang syne?

CHO. — For auld lang syne, my dear,  
For auld lang syne,  
We'll tak' a cup o' kindness yet  
For auld lang syne.

We twa hae run about the braes,  
And pu'd the gowans fine;  
And we've wander'd mony a weary foot  
Sin' auld lang syne. — CHO.

We twa hae paidlet i' the burn,  
Frae mornin' sun till din,  
But seas between us braid ha'e roar'd  
Sin' auld lang syne. — CHO.

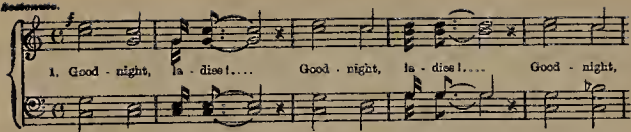
And there's a hand, my trusty frien',  
And gie's a hand o' thine;  
And we'll tak' a right guid willie-waught  
For auld lang syne. — CHO.

And surely you'll be your pint stoop  
And surely I'll be mine;  
And we'll tak' a cup o' kindness yet  
For auld lang syne. — CHO.

# GOOD - NIGHT.

17

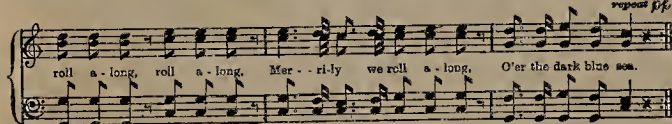
*Andante.*



*Allegro.*



*repeat ff*



2. Farewell, ladies; farewell, ladies;

Farewell, ladies; we're going to leave you now,  
Merrily, etc.

3. Sweet dreams, ladies; sweet dreams, ladies;

Sweet dreams, ladies; we're going to leave you now,  
Merrily, etc.

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God save the King Send him vic - to - ri - ous Hap - py and

glo - ri - ous, Long to reign o - ver us, God save the King

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